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LION KING







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# LION KING



*Adapted by*  
***Justine Korman***

*Illustrated by*  
***Don Williams and H. R. Russell***

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**F**rom the smallest ant to the largest elephant, every living thing has a place in the great circle of life. Mufasa's place was king of the lions. Sarabi was the queen. And their newborn cub, Simba, would one day take his father's place as the Lion King.





But on this day little Simba rested in the hands of the wise baboon Rafiki, who sprinkled the cub with dust and welcomed the future king to the great circle of life.



Mufasa's brother, Scar, did not attend the ceremony. He was not happy that Simba was next in line to rule the Pride Lands. For Scar had always wanted to be king.





Time passed, and Simba grew. Early one morning Mufasa took him to the top of Pride Rock. "Simba, look," he said. "Everything the light touches is our kingdom."

"Wow!" the young lion said. Then he asked, "What about the shadowy place?"

"That's beyond our borders. You must never go there, Simba!" warned Mufasa.





Later Simba found Scar sunning on a rock. Simba proudly told his uncle, "Someday I'm gonna rule the whole kingdom! Well . . . everything except the shadowy place. My father said I can't go there."

"He's absolutely right," Scar slyly agreed. "An elephant graveyard is no place for a young prince. Only the bravest lions go there."

As Scar knew, Simba would want to prove that he was brave. So he said nothing as Simba hurried off to find his friend Nala and ask her to explore the mysterious Shadow Lands with him.



When the friends arrived at the Shadow Lands, they discovered an eerie place filled with elephant bones and spurts of steam.

“It’s so creepy,” whispered Nala excitedly.

“C’mon!” said Simba. “Let’s check it out.”





Zazu, the king's minister, had been looking for the cubs. When he caught up with them, he warned, "We are too far from the Pride Lands. It is dangerous!"

But Simba only said, "I laugh in the face of danger! Ha-ha-ha!"

"Hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!" The strange laughter belonged to three hideous hyenas—Banzai, Shenzi, and Ed—who slinked out from an elephant skull.





When Zazu told the hyenas he was Mufasa's minister, they realized that Simba was the future king.

"He's a king fit for a meal," Banzai snickered. The hyenas chased Simba and Nala until the cubs were trapped.

Suddenly a thunderous RRRROARRRR! rattled rocks and bones. It was the roar of Mufasa, the Lion King! The frightened hyenas ran away.





That evening Mufasa had a talk with Simba.  
“I was just trying to be brave like you,”  
protested Simba.

Mufasa shook his head. “Being brave doesn’t  
mean you go looking for trouble,” he replied.

“Dad,” Simba asked suddenly, “we’ll always be  
together, right?”

Mufasa gazed up at the sparkling heavens. “The  
great kings of the past look down on us from those  
stars,” he said. “Whenever you feel alone,  
remember that those kings will always be there to  
guide you. And so will I.”



Although Scar was angry with the hyenas for letting Simba survive, he made a bargain with them. If they helped make him king, they could have their run of the Pride Lands.

So Scar brought Simba to a vast gorge and promised the cub a wonderful surprise if he would just wait on a certain rock. Scar then signaled the hyenas.



The surprise turned out to be a stampeding herd of wildebeests, with the hyenas urging the herd on. The earth trembled. Dust choked the air. The wildebeests ran into the gorge, heading straight for Simba. He sought safety in a tree, but the branch bent under his weight.





Just before Simba fell beneath the pounding hooves, Mufasa grabbed him and carried him to a rocky ledge. Then through the thick, swirling dust, Simba saw his father disappear under the thundering herd.



When the stampede had passed and the dust settled, Simba found his father lying lifeless at the foot of a cliff. What Simba did not know was that Scar had pushed his brother off the rock to his doom.

“If it weren’t for you, the king would still be alive,” lied Scar, appearing at Simba’s side.

“He tried to save me,” said the cub, sobbing. “It was an accident.”

“Run away, Simba,” Scar advised. “Run away and never return.”







Scar watched as Simba ran away. Then he sent his hyenas to kill the cub.

But when the hyenas reached a thorny thicket, they stopped. “He’ll never survive in the desert,” they reasoned. And so they returned to Pride Rock—and their new king, Scar.

Scar told the pride that there had been a terrible accident. And then he introduced the hyenas.

Under the burning desert sun, Simba surely would have died if it had not been for two curious creatures—Timon the meerkat and Pumbaa, the fat, friendly warthog.







Timon and Pumbaa felt sorry for the helpless cub. They took him to their jungle home and taught him how to live by Timon's philosophy, *hakuna matata*, which meant "no worries." They also taught the cub to eat all kinds of insects.

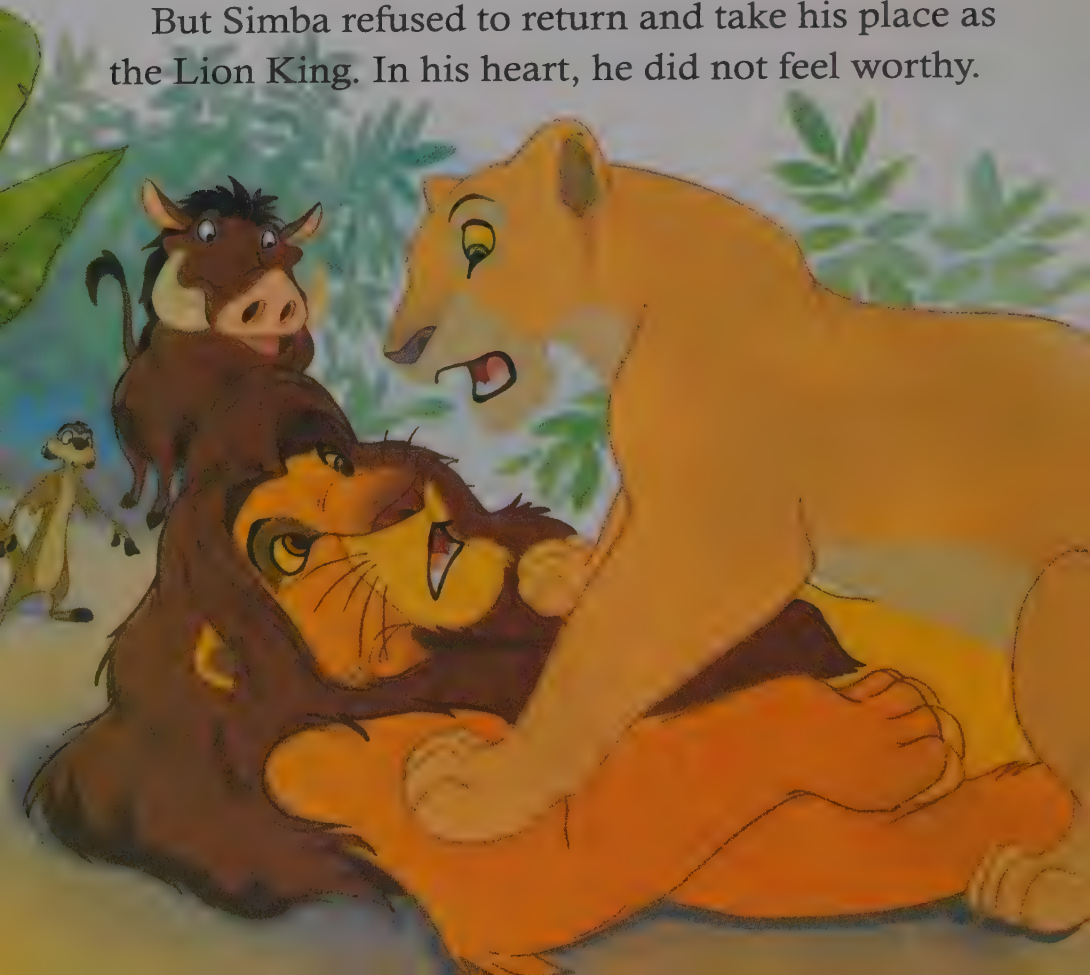
Simba tried to put the past behind him. But on one clear night, the stars reminded him of the old kings and his father, Mufasa.

Then one day a lioness chased Pumbaa. Simba rushed to protect his friend, but the lioness flipped him on his back—the way Nala used to do.

“Nala!” he cried.

“Simba?” the lioness said. “I thought you were dead.” The friends embraced. Then Nala told Simba the sad story of the Pride Lands. Under cruel King Scar the land was barren and the animals were starving. Hyenas were everywhere.

But Simba refused to return and take his place as the Lion King. In his heart, he did not feel worthy.







That night wise old Rafiki found Simba alone.

“Who are you?” Simba asked.

“The question is, who are you?” asked Rafiki.

“I’m not sure anymore,” Simba confessed.

“You’re Mufasa’s boy,” the baboon declared. He led Simba to a small pool.

As Simba stared, he saw his father’s face in the water. Then he heard his father’s voice. “Simba, look inside yourself,” Mufasa commanded. “You are my son and the one true king. You must take your place in the circle of life.”

So Simba set out for the Pride Lands to confront the false king. Later his friends Nala, Timon, and Pumbaa joined him.

As Simba approached Pride Rock alone, Scar saw what he thought was a vision. Mufasa! Hadn't he killed the Lion King himself? Was this a ghost? No. It was Simba!

"I'm surprised to see you alive," sneered Scar.

"I've come back to take my place as king," declared Simba. "Step down, Scar."







With an angry snarl, Scar forced Simba to the edge of the cliff. As Simba struggled to hold on, Scar leaned down and whispered, “Here’s my little secret, Simba. You didn’t kill your father. *I* did.”

Now Simba knew the truth. All this time he had been innocent! Simba’s heart filled with rage and the strength of ten lions surged through him. He struggled up onto the rock, leaped on Scar, and the battle began!

Nala bravely led the other lionesses against the hyenas. Even Timon and Pumbaa joined the fray. The battle raged until all the hyenas ran from Pride Rock.

Simba chased Scar to the top of Pride Rock and cornered him.





Scar whimpered, "No. Please. Have pity on me."

"Run away, Scar," said Simba. "Run away and never return."

But when Simba turned his back, Scar attacked! Quick as the lightning that flashed above, Simba used Nala's trick flip to send Scar flying over the cliff to the hungry hyenas below.





So Scar's evil reign ended, and Simba took his rightful place as the Lion King. In time, King Simba and Queen Nala had a cub of their own. From the smallest ant to the largest elephant, the beasts came from near and far to Pride Rock.

There the son of Simba rested in the hands of the wise baboon Rafiki, who sprinkled the cub with dust and welcomed the future king to the great circle of life which never ends.



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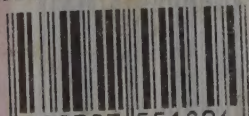
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